TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

Being an Episode in the Story of an Ancient House.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Adelaide, wife of Sir Randolph Edge of Blent Hall, eloped with Capt. Fitzhubert. Sir Randolph dies in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Edge and Fitzhubert to marry and make their son Harry legitimate. They learn later, however, that the date of Sir Randolph's death has been given incorrectly and that Harry is not the rightful heir. They keep the matter secret and eventually Mrs. Fitzhubert succeeds to the Barony of Tristram of Blent and resides with Harry at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady Tristram, Mme. Zabriska and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Mme. Zabriska, with her uncle, Major Duplay, came to reside at Merrion Lodge, near Blent Hall. Harry learns from his mother that he is not the rightful heir to Blent, and they determine to hold the title for him at any cost. To further his cause he decides to marry Janie Iver, heiress to Fairholme, but finds two rivals in Bob Broadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of his unfortunate birth from Mina Zabriska. He informs Harry that he intends to tell Iver and they quarrel, Harry winning in a brisk tussle. Neeld becomes the guest of Iver at Fairholme. Mina Zabriska meets Neeld and they form a compact to protect Harry's interests and maintain secrecy. Lady Tristram dies after extracting from her son a promise that Cecily Gainsborough, the rightful heiress of Blent Hall, shall be invited to the funeral. Cecily and her father come to Blent, but Harry fails to receive them. Later he comes suddenly upon Cecily in the garden and realizes that she is a Tristram, the image of his mother. The engagement of Harry and Janie Iver is announced, and Duplay declares his determination to expose the false position of his future son-in-law to Iver. Harry unconsciously falls in love with Cecily, and, without telling her this, acknowledges that he is not the legal heir, but she is Lady Tristram of Blent. Then he steals away from Blent by night, stopping to advise Bob Broadley to woo and win Janie Iver, who loves him. He goes to London, where political friends of his mother interest themselves in his case. Cecily, unhappy in her new possessions, follows him to beg him to take back Blent. Harry joins Sloyd in a real estate deal and becomes a competitor of Iver. Cecily asks Harry to marry her so that he may return to Blent. He refuses, and then suddenly realizes that he loves her.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PERSISTENCE OF BLENT.

Harry Tristram awoke the next morning with visions in his head—no unusual thing with young men, yet strange and almost unknown at him. They had not been wont to come at Blent, nor had his affair with Janie Iver created them. He saw himself as well as Cecily, and the approval of his eyes was still for himself, their irritation for her. But he could not dismiss her from the pictures; he realized this with a new annoyance. He lay later than was his custom, looking at her recalling what she had said as he found the need of words to write beneath each mental apparition. Under the irritation, and greater than it, was the same sort of satisfaction that his activities had given him—a feeling of more life and broader; this thing, though rising out of the old life, fitted in well with the new. Above all that sentence of hers rang in his head, its extravagance perhaps gaining preëminence for it: "If ever the time comes, I shall remember." The time did not seem likely to come—so far as he could interpret the vague and rather threadbare phrase—but her resolution stirred his interest and ended by exacting his applause. He was glad that she had resisted and had not allowed herself to be trampled on.

There was work to be done—the first grave, critical bit of work he had ever had to do, the first real measuring of himself against an opponent of proved ability. So he would think no more about the girl. This resolve did not work. She, or rather her apparition, seemed to insist that she had something to do with the work, was concerned in it, or, at least, meant to look on at it. Harry found that he had small objection, or even a sort of welcome for her presence.

Grave and critical! Sloyd's nervous excitement and uneasy deference toward Iver were the only indications of any such thing. Duplay was there in the background, cool and easy. Iver himself was inclined to gossip with Harry and to chaff him on the fresh departure he had made, rather than to settle down to a discussion of Blinkhampton. That was, after all, a small matter—so his manner seemed to assert; he had been in town, anyhow, so he dropped in.

"Well, now," said Iver, with a glance at his watch, "we must really get to business. You don't want to live in Blinkhampton, you gentlemen, I suppose? You want to leave a little better for your visit, eh? Quite so. That's the proper thing with the seaside. But you can't expect to find fortunes growing on the beach. Surely Major Duplay mistook your figures?"

"Unless he mentioned £50,000 he did," said Harry firmly.

"H'm, I did you injustice, Major—with some excuse, though. Surely, Mr. Sloyd——?" He turned away from Harry as he spoke.

"I beg pardon," interrupted Harry. "Am I to talk to Major Duplay?"

Iver looked at him curiously. "Well, I'd rather talk to you, Harry," he said. "And I'll tell you plainly what I think. Mr. Sloyd's a young business man. So are you."

"I'm a baby," Harry agreed.

"And blackmailing big people isn't a good way to start." He watched Harry, but he did not forget to watch Sloyd, too. "Of course, I use the word in a figurative sense. The estate's not worth half that money to you; we happen to want it. O, I'm always open! So——" He gave a shrug.

"Sorry to introduce new and immoral methods into business, Mr. Iver. It must be painful to you, after all these years." Harry laughed good-humoredly. "I shall corrupt the Major, too," he added.

"We'll give you £50,000 for your bargain—twenty-five in all."

"I suggested to Major Duplay that being ahead of you was so rare an achievement that it ought to be properly recognized."

Duplay whispered to Iver. Sloyd whispered to Harry. Iver listened attentively; Harry with evident impatience. "Let it go for thirty—don't make an enemy of him," had been Sloyd's secret counsel.

"My dear Harry, the simple fact is that the business won't stand more than a certain amount. If we put money into Blinkhampton, it's because we want it to come out again. Now, the crop will be limited." He paused. "I'll make you a final offer—thirty."

"My price is fifty," said Harry immovably.

"Out of the question."

"All right." Harry lit a cigarette with an air of having finished business.

"It simply can't be done on the figures," Iver declared with genuine vexation. "We've worked it out, Harry, and it can't be done. I—I showed our calculations to Mr. Sloyd, who is, I'm sure, willing to be reasonable——"

"Yes, Mr. Iver, I am—I am, I hope, always desirous of—er—meeting gentlemen half way. And nothing could give me greater pleasure than to do business with you, Mr. Iver."

"Unfortunately, you seem to have a partner," Iver observed. "No; I've told you the most we can give." He leaned back in his chair. This time it was he who had finished business.

"And I've told you the least we can take."

"It's hopeless. Fifty! Oh, we should be out of pocket. It's really unreasonable." He was looking at Sloyd. "It's treating me as an enemy—and I shall have no alternative but to accept the situation. Blinkhampton is not essential to me; and your hotel and so on won't flourish much if I leave my tumble-down cottages and pigsties just behind them. Will you put these papers together, Duplay?"

The Major obeyed leisurely. Sloyd was licking his lips and looking acutely unhappy.

"You're absolutely resolved, Harry?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Iver."

"Well, I give it up. It's bad for me—and it's worse for you. In all my experience I never was so treated. You wont even discuss! If you said thirty-five well, I'd have listened. If you'd even said forty I'd have——"

"I say. Done for forty," said Harry, quietly. "I'd a sort of idea all the time that that might be your limit. I expect the thing really wouldn't stand fifty, you know. Oh, that's just my notion."

Iver's face was a study. He was surprised, he was annoyed, but he was also somewhat amused. Harry's acting had been good. That obstinate, uncompromising, immutable fifty! Iver had really believed in it. And forty had been his limit—his extreme limit.

"I'll give you forty," he said at last, "for the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel—forty."

"It's a bargain," said Harry, and Iver, with a sigh (for forty was the extreme figure), pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"We've got a good many plans, sir," suggested Sloyd, very anxious to establish pleasant relations. "I'm sure we should be very glad if you found them of any service."

"You're very good, Mr. Sloyd, but——"

"You may as well have a look at them," interrupted Harry. "There are one or two good ideas. You'll explain them, won't you, Sloyd?" Sloyd had already placed one in Iver's hand, who glanced at it, took another, compared them, and after a moment's pause held both out to the Major.

"Well, Duplay, suppose you look at them and hear anything that Mr. Sloyd is good enough to say, and report to me? You're at leisure?"

"Certainly," said Duplay. He was in good humor, better perhaps than if his chief had proved more signally successful. Harry turned to him, smiling.

"I saw Mme. Zabriska last night—at Lady Tristram's house. She's forsaken you, Major?"

"Mina's very busy about something," smiled the Major.

"Yes, she generally is," said Harry, frowning a little. "If she tells you anything about me——"

"I'm not to believe it?"

"You may believe it, but not the way she puts it," laughed Harry.

"Now there's an end of business! Walk down to the Imperium with me, Harry, and have a bit of lunch. You've earned it, eh? How do you like the feeling of making money?"

"Well, I think it might grow on a man. What's your experience?"

"Sometimes better than this morning, or I should hardly have been your neighbor at Fairholme."

The two walked off together, leaving Duplay and Sloyd very amicable. Iver was thoughtful.

"You did that well," he said as they turned the corner into Berkeley Square.

"I suppose I learned to bluff a bit when I was at Blent."

"That was all right, but—well, how did you put your finger on the figure?"

"I don't know. It looked like being about that, you know."

"It was very exactly that," admitted Iver. "Rather a surprise to find our friend, the Major, going into business with you."

"He'll be useful, I think, and—well, I'm short of help." He was eying Harry now, but he said no more about the morning's transaction till they reached the club.

"Perhaps we shall find Neeld here," he remarked as they went in.

They did find Neeld and also Lord Southend, the latter gentleman in a state of disturbance about his curry. It was not what any man would seriously call a curry; it was no more than a fortuitous concurrence of mutton and rice.

"It's an extraordinary thing," he observed to Iver, "that whenever Wilmot Edge is away the curries in this club go to the devil—to the devil. And he's always going off somewhere, confound him!"

"He can't be expected to stay at home just to look after your curry," Iver suggested.

"I suppose he's in South America or South Africa or South somewhere or other out of reach. Waiter!" The embarrassed servant came. "When is Col. Edge expected back?"

"In a few weeks, I believe, my lord."

"Who's chairman of the committee while he's away?"

"Mr. Gore-Marston, my lord."

"There—what can you expect?" He pushed aside his plate. "Bring me some cold beef," he commanded. "As soon as ever Edge comes back I shall draw his attention to the curry."

Everybody else had rather lost their interest in the subject. Neeld and Harry were in conversation. Iver sat down by Southend, and, while lunch was preparing endeavored to distract his mind by giving him a history of the morning. Southend, too, was concerned in Blinkhamton. Gradually the curry was forgotten as he listened to the story of Harry's victory.

"Sort of young fellow who might be useful," he suggested presently.

"That's what I was thinking. He's quite ready for work, too, I fancy."

Southend regarded his friend. He was thinking that if this and that happened—and they were things now within the bounds of possibility—Iver might live to be sorry that Harry was not to be his son-in-law. Hastily and in ignorance he included Janie in the scope of this supposed regret. But at this moment the guilty and incompetent Mr. Gore-Marston had the misfortune to come in. Southend, all his grievance revived, fell on him tooth and nail. His defence was feeble; he admitted he knew next to nothing of curries, and—yes, the cook did get careless when Wilmot Edge's vigilant eye was removed.

"He'll be home soon," Gore-Marston pleaded. "I've had a letter from him; he's just got back to civilization after being out in the wilderness, shooting, for six weeks. He'll be here in a month now, I think."

"We shall have to salary him to stay," growled Southend.

Harry was amused at this little episode, and listened smiling. Possessing a knowledge of curries seemed an odd way to acquire importance for a fellow creature, a strange reason for a man's return being desired. He knew who Wilmot Edge was, and it was funny to hear from him again in connection with curries. And curries seemed to be the only reason why anybody should be interested in Col. Edge's return. Not till they met again in the smoking room were the curries finally forgotten.

In later days Harry came to look back on that afternoon as the beginning of many new things, and found himself listening.

They were not talking idly. They talked for him. That much he soon discerned. And they were not offering to help him. His vigilant pride, still sore from the blow that Cecily had dealt it, was on the lookout for that. But the triumph of the morning, no less than the manner of the men reassured him. They made him no gift, they asked work from him, and Iver, true to his traditions and ingrained ideas, asked money as a guarantee for the work. "You give me back what I am going to pay you," he said, "and, since you've taken such an interest in Blinkhampton, turn to and see what you can make of it. It looked as if there was a notion or two worth considering in those plans of yours."

Southend agreed to every suggestion with an emphatic nod. But there was something more in his mind. With every evidence of capability that Harry showed, even with every increase in the chances of his attaining position and wealth for himself, the prospect of success in the other scheme—the scheme still secret—grew brighter. He quite forgot his curry—and Col. Wilmot Edge, who derived his importance from it.

Nothing was settled; there were only suggestions for Harry to think over. But he was left quite clear that everything depended on himself alone, that he had only to will and to work, and a career of prosperous activity was before him. The day had more than fulfilled its promise; what had seemed its great triumph appeared now to be valuable only as an introduction and a prelude to something large and more real. Already he was looking back with some surprise on the extreme gravity which he had attached to his little Blinkhampton speculation. Blent or no Blent, he was a man who could make himself felt. He was on his trial still, of course; but he did not doubt of the verdict. When a thing depended for success or failure on Harry alone, Harry had never been in the habit of doubting the result.

Except for one thing he seemed to be well settled into his new existence. It seemed months since he had been Tristram of Blent; he had no idea that any plans were afoot concerning him which found their basis and justification in his having filled that position. Except for one thing he was quit of it all, but that remained, and in such strength as to color all the new existence. The business of the day had not driven out the visions of the morning.

"Neeld and I go down to Fairholme tomorrow, Harry," said Iver as they parted. "No chance of seeing you down there, I suppose."

Neeld thought the question rather brutal. Iver's feelings were not, perhaps of the finest. But Harry was apparently unconscious of anything that grated.

"Really I don't suppose I shall ever go there again," he answered with a laugh. "Off with the old love, you know, Mr. Neeld."

"O, don't say that," protested Southend. There was a hint of some meaning in his speech which made Harry turn to him with quick attention.

"Blent's a mere memory to me," he declared.

The three elder men were silent, but they seemed to receive what he said with scepticism.

"Well, that's the only way, isn't it?" he asked.

"Just at present, I suppose," Southend said to him in a low voice as he shook hands.

These few words, with the subdued hint they carried, reenforced the strength of the visions. Absolute detachment had been his ideal. He awoke with a start to the fact that he was still, in the main, living with and moving among people who smacked strong of Blent, who had known him as Tristram of Blent, whose lives had crossed his because he was Addie Tristram's son. That was true even of his new acquaintance, Lady Evenswood; truer still of Neeld, or Southend, aye, of Sloyd and the Major; most true of his cousin Cecily.

Yes, he was not to escape, not to forget. That day one scene more awaited him which rose out of Blent and belonged to Blent. The Imp made an appointment by telegram, and the Imp came. She was in a great temper, and he was soon inclined to repent his accessibility. Still he endured, for it was an absolutely final interview, she said. She had just come to tell him what she thought of him and there was an end of it. Then she was going back to Merrion and she hoped Cecily was coming with her. He—Harry—would not be there anyhow.

"Certainly not," he agreed. "But what's the matter, Mme. Zabriska? you don't complain that I didn't accept—that I couldn't fall in with my cousin's peculiar ideas?"

"Oh, you can't get out of it like that! You know that isn't the point."

"What in the world is then?" cried Harry. "There's nothing else the matter, is there?"

Mina could hardly sit still for rage, she was on pins.

"Nothing else?" She gathered herself together for the attack. "What did you take her to dinner and to the theatre for? What did you bring her home for?"

"I wanted to be friendly. I wanted to soften what I had to say."

"To soften it! Not you! Shall I tell you what you wanted, Mr. Tristram? Sometimes men seem to know so little about themselves!"

"If you'll philosophize on the subject of men—about which you know a lot, of course—I'll listen with pleasure."

"It's the horrible selfishness of the thing. Why didn't you send her away directly? O, no, you kept her, you made yourself pleasant, you made her think you liked her——"

"What?"

"You never thought of anything but yourself all the way through. You were lecturing her? O, no! You were posing and posturing. Being very fine and very heroic! And then at the end you turned round and—and as good as struck her in the face. O, I hope she'll never speak to you again!"

"Did she send you to say this?"

"Of course not."

"Yes, of course not. You're right there. If it had happened to be in any way your business——"

"Ah," cried the Imp triumphantly. "You've no answer, so you turn round and abuse me! But I don't care. I meant to tell you what I thought of you, and I've done it."

"A post card would have done it as well," Harry suggested.

"But you've gone too far. O, yes, you have. If you ever change your mind——"

"What about? O, don't talk nonsense, Mme. Zabriska."

"It's not nonsense. You behaved even worse than I think if you're not at least half in love with her."

Harry threw a quick glance at her.

"That would be very unlucky for me," he suggested.

"Very—now," said the Imp with every appearance of triumph.

"London will be dull without you, Mme Zabriska."

"I'm not going to take any more trouble about you, anyhow."

He rose and walked over to her.

"In the end," he said more seriously, "what's your complaint against me?"

"You've made Cecily terribly unhappy."

"I couldn't help it. She—she did an impossible thing."

"After which you made her spend the evening with you. Even a Tristram must have had a reason for that."

"I've told you. I felt friendly and I wanted her to be friendly. And I like her. The whole thing's a ludicrous trifle." He paused a moment and added, "I'm sorry if she's distressed."

"You've made everything impossible—that's all."

"I don't understand. It so happens that to-day all sorts of things have begun to seem possible to me. Perhaps you've seen your uncle?"

"Yes, I have—and—and it would have been splendid if you hadn't treated her as you did."

"You hint at something I know nothing about." He was growing angry again. "I really believe I could manage my own affairs." He returned to his pet grievance.

"You don't understand? Well, you will soon." She grew cooler as her mischievous pleasure in puzzling him overcame her wrath. "You'll know what you've done soon."

"Shall I? How shall I find out?"

"You'll be sorry when—when a certain thing happens."

He threw himself into a chair with a peevish laugh.

"I confess your riddles rather bore me. Is there any answer to this one?"

"Yes; very soon. I've been to see Lady Evenswood."

"She knows the answer, does she?"

"Perhaps." Her animation suddenly left her. "But I suppose it's all no use now," she said dolefully.

They sat silent for a minute or two, Harry seeming to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"What did you mean by saying I oughtn't to have taken her to dinner and so on?" he asked as Mina rose to go.

She shook her head. "I've nothing more to say," she declared.

"And you say I'm half in love with her?"

"Yes, I do," she snapped viciously as she turned towards the door. But she looked back at him before she went out.

"As far as that goes," he said slowly, "I'm not sure you're wrong, Mme. Zabriska. But I could never marry her."

The Imp launched a prophecy, confidently, triumphantly, maliciously.

"Before very long she'll be the one to say that—and you've got yourself to thank for it, too! Good-by!"

She was gone. Harry sat down and slowly filled and lit his pipe. It was probably all nonsense, but again he recollected Cecily's words: "If ever the time comes I shall remember!"

Whatever might be the state of his feelings toward her, or of hers toward him, a satisfactory outcome seemed impossible. And somehow this notion had the effect of spoiling the success of the day for Harry Tristram. So that amongst the Imp's whirling words there was perhaps a grain or two of wisdom. At least his talk with her did not make Harry's visions less constant or less intense.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INSULT TO THE BLOOD.

Harry threw his energies into the work, both as a trial of his powers and as a safeguard against his thoughts. He went down to Blinkhampton and stayed a week the result of his visit was a report which Iver showed to Southend with a very significant nod: even the mistakes in it, themselves inevitable from want of experience—were the errors of a large mind; the touch of dogmatism did not displease a man who valued self-confidence above all other qualities.

"The lad will do; he'll make his way," said Iver.

Southend smiled; lads who are equal to making their own way may go very far if they are given such a start as he had in contemplation for Harry.

Mr. Disney had given no sign yet. There was a crisis somewhere abroad and a colleague understood to be self-opinionated; there was a crisis in the Church and a Bishopric vacant. Lady Evenswood was of opinion that the least attempt to hurry Robert would be fatal. There were, after all, limits to the importance of Harry Tristam's case, and Robert was likely, if worried, to state the fact with his own merciless vigor and, with that, to say good-by to the whole affair. The only person seriously angry at the Prime Minister's "dawdling" was Mina Zabriska, and she had enjoyed no chance of telling him so. To make such an opportunity for her was too hazardous an experiment; it might have turned out well—one could never tell with Robert—but on the whole, it was to be risked.

What Lady Evenswood would not venture, fortune dared. Mina had been seeing sights—it was August now, a suitable month for the task—and one evening about 6:30 she landed her weary bones on a seat in St. James's park for a few moments' rest before she faced the Underground. The place was very empty, the few people there lay for the most part asleep—workmen with the day's labor done. Presently she saw two men walking slowly toward her from the direction of Westminster. One was tall and slight, handsome and distinguished in appearance; in the other she recognized the rugged, awkward man whom she had met at Lady Evenswood's. He was talking hard, hitting his fist into the palm of his other hand sometimes. The handsome man listened with deference, but frowned and seemed troubled. Suddenly the pair stopped.

"I must go back to the house," she heard the handsome man say.

"Well, think it over. Try to see it in that light," said Disney, holding out his hand. The other took it and then turned away. The episode would have been worth a good paragraph and a dozen conjectures to a reporter. The handsome man was the self-opinionated colleague, and the words Mina had heard, were they not clear proof of dissensions in the Cabinet?

Disney stood stock-still on the path, not looking after his recalcitrant colleague, but down on the ground; his thoughts made him unconscious of things external. Mina glowed with excitement.

An artisan swung by, his tools over his back. Mina saw the suddenly awakened attention with which his head turned to Disney. He slackened pace a moment, and then, after an apparent hesitation, lifted his cap. There was no sign that Disney saw him, save that he touched his hat in almost unconscious acknowledgment.

With a quick jerk of his head Disney began to walk on slowly. For an instant Mina did not know what she would do: the fear and the attraction struggled. Then she jumped up and walked toward him. Her manner tried to assert that she had not noticed him. She was almost by him. She gave a cough. He looked up. Would he know her? Would he remember asking—no, directing—my Lord, his secretary, to write to her, and had he read what she wrote? He was looking at her. She dared a hurried little bow. He came to a standstill again.

"Yes, yes?" he said, questioningly.

"Madame Zabriska, Mr. Disney."

"Oh, yes." His voice sounded a little disappointed. "I met you at——"

"At Lady Evenswood's, Mr. Disney." Taking courage, she added, "I sent what you wanted."

"What I wanted?"

"Yes. What you wanted me to write about—about the Tristrams."

"Yes." The voice sounded now as if he had placed her. He smiled a little. "I remember it all now. I read it the other morning." He nodded at her, as if that finished the matter. But Mina did not move.

"I'm busy just now," he added, "but—— Well, how's your side of the affair going on, Madame Zabriska? I've heard nothing from my cousin about that."

"It's just wonderful to see you like this," the Imp blurted out.

That amused him; she saw the twinkle in his eye.

"Never mind me. Tell me about the Tristram cousins."

"Oh, you are thinking of it, then?"

"I never tell what I'm thinking about. That's the only reason people think me clever. The cousins?"

"Oh, that's all dreadful. At least I believe they are—they would be—in love; but—but—Mr. Tristram's so difficult, so obstinate, so proud. I don't suppose you understand——"

"You're the second person who's told me I can't understand in the last half hour." He was smiling now, as he coupled Mina and the handsome recalcitrant colleague in his protest. "I'm not sure of it."

"And she's been silly, and he's been horrid, and just now—well, it's all as bad as it ca n be, Mr. Disney."

"Is it? You must get it better than that, you know, before I can do any thing. Good night."

"Oh, stop; do stop. Do say what you mean."

"I shan't do anything of the kind. You may tell Lady Evenswood what I've said, and she'll tell you what I mean."

"Oh, but please——"

"If you stop me any longer I shall send you to the Tower. Tell Lady Evenswood and Southend. If I didn't do my business better than you do yours——" He shrugged his shoulders with a good-natured rudeness. "Good night," he said again, and this time Mina dared not stop him.

The next day he found her at Lady Evenswood's. The old lady and Southend (who had been summoned on Mina's command—certainly Mina was getting up in the world) understood perfectly. They nodded wise heads.

She was always inclined to think that Robert would take——

"He fears that the Bearsdale case won't carry him all the way. Depend upon it, that's what he feels."

"Well, there was the doubt there, you see."

Mina was rather tired of this doubt in the Bearsdale case. It was always cropping up and being mentioned as though it were something exceedingly meritorious.

"And in poor Addie's case, of course there—well, there wasn't," proceeded Lady Evenswood with a sigh. "So Robert feels that it might be thought——"

"The people with consciences would be at him, I suppose," said Southend, scornfully.

"But if the marriage came off——"

"Oh, I see!" cried the Imp.

"Then he would feel able to act. It would look merely like putting things back as they were, you see, Mina."

"Do you think he means the viscountcy?" asked Southend.

"It would be so much more convenient. And they could have had an earldom once before if they'd liked."

"Oh, twice," corrected Southend, confidently.

"I know it's said, but I don't believe it. You mean in 1816?"

"Oh, dear me!" murmured the Imp. This historical inquiry was neither comprehensible nor interesting. But they discussed it eagerly for some minutes before agreeing that, wherever the truth lay, a viscountcy could not be considered out of the way for the Tristrams—legitimate and proper Tristrams, be it understood.

"And that's where the match would be of decisive value," Lady Evenswood concluded.

"Disney said as much evidently. So you understood, Mme. Zabriska?"

"I suppose so. I've told you what he said."

"He could take Blentmouth, you know. It's all very simple."

"Well, then, what's to be done?" asked Southend.

"We must give him a hint, George."

"Have we enough to go upon? Suppose Disney turned round and——"

"Robert wouldn't do that. Beside we needn't pledge anything. We can just put the case." She smiled thoughtfully. "I'm still not quite sure how Mr. Tristram will take it, you know."

"How he'll take it? He'll jump at it, of course."

"The girl or the title, George?"

"Well, both together. Wont he, Madame Zabriska?"

Mina thought great things of the girl, and even greater, if vaguer, of the title.

"I should just think so," she replied, complacently. There was a limit to the perversity, even of the Tristrams.

"We mustn't put it too boldly," observed Southend, dangling his eyeglasses.

"Oh, he'll think more of the thing itself than of how we put it," Lady Evenswood declared.

From her knowledge of Harry, the Imp was exactly of that opinion.

To be continued.

DOSED IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

Herbs Prescribed by the Country Doctor for His Grip Patient.

"H-m-m-m," the old doctor said, eyeing a grip-convalescent; "I think you need a return to first principles. I shall put you upon a course of bitter-sweets. No! You need not shake your head. I don't mean hoarhound candy. That answers well enough for a little everyday cough. Your are in a strangler's hold, wheezing and puffing, with a bowstring apparently twisted across the top of your breathing apparatus.

"No—I did not have grip-patients when the wise women were teaching me how much book-doctors do not know, but we had influenza then that was a mighty close second. It had the same unity in variety—quite the same trick of making each separate victim deadly uncomfortable, in a way wholly unlike all the rest. So necessarily our practice varied.

"My friends, the herb-gatherers, had something to suit each turn of the tricky disease. If asthmatic, why there were dry jimson leaves! Jimson weed—though a deadly poison, is also a fine anti-spasmodic. The leaves were smoked in a clean new corn-cob pipe, the patient being cautioned never to smoke the same pipe twice, nor to take more than half a dozen good whiffs at a time. As in case of tobacco, the poison principle distils in the pipe burning, and condenses along the inner end of the pipe stem. Thence it might be volatized, by the heat of a fresh charge, so safety lay in burning up the used pipe, and never fully burning out the fresh one.

"Jimson weed also made a mighty fine ointment for enlarged joints in man or beast—but that is beside the mark and has nothing whatever to do with your case. There are, however, cases where grip settles in the joints—our old-time influenza had the same charming idiosyncrasy, so there were folk to whom the information was vital.

"Your cough, still strongly catarrhal, indicates need for thoroughwort and elecampane. My herb-gatherers knew thoroughwort as boneset—so-called from its usefulness in cases of breakbone fever. Bones are not really broken in that, you understand, but the pain is quite the same, and boneset tea is one of the best specifics of ease for it. You must have a bunch of the dry herb well steeped for twelve hours at least, in rain water, brought to a boil in earthenware. Don't laugh: metal under certain conditions appears to devitalize water and make it affect a substance differently. After the steeping the tea must be well strained and made into a thick syrup with cut loaf sugar.

"Then you must have elecampane—the fresh root if possible, though I hardly see how we can get it unless some market farmer will kindly rub his garden borders for us. A pint of the clean root, washed and scraped, must be beaten smooth in a mortar and mixed with a pint of strained honey. Then it must be stirred well with the boneset syrup and cooked almost to a candy. The next thing is to take it off the fire and beat well through it half a pint of the finest French brandy.

"Elecampane, you perhaps do not know is one of the herbs which help to make absinthe what it is. Combined with a little pure alchohol and good brandy furnishes the purest I know of—it acts finely on the nerves, inducing sleep that is sweet and refreshing. At the same time its expectorant quality will help that distressing tightness. Faithfully compounded, my prescription ought to rid you of everything but weakness inside of three days."

After a little pause the doctor went on ruminantly: "Maybe Seneca snakeroot might do you more good than the boneset. But it is problematic, almighty problematic, although the snakeroot it the best stimulating expectorant I know anything about. The trouble is to make sure of getting the genuine thing. Some herb gatherers are careless, and more of them ignorant—then, too, precious few of the professed herbal druggists can tell the dry roots apart.

"There are three snake roots, understand—the Seneca, of which I have spoken, black snake root or rattle weed, which has wholly different properties, and Virginia snake root, which is unlike the other two. That is the one drawback—I cannot wholly depend upon such herbs as may be bought. Even where one gets the right thing there is no assurance that it is not so old it has lost its virtue, or that it has been properly picked, or so cared for after picking as to retain its full strength.

"Sometimes I have a wild idea of going into the business on my own account. It would not be in the least a wild one if I could make sure of cooperation from my old friends. But they are for the most part dead and their herbal wisdom with them. Besides, the advances of settlement, clearing and cultivation have made the business of herb-gathering tremendously uncertain. But with virgin territory and trained, intelligent and faithful pickers there would be a fortune—yes, several fortunes for the man who brought nature's own cures handily to the healing of the world."

ONE OF DEATH'S MYSTERIES.

THREE MESSAGES RECEIVED BY A DOCTOR, A MOTHER AND A SON.

Each Told of a Death at a Distance at the Very Moment It Occurred—Two Instances in Which the Cable Was Beaten—Was It Coincidence or a Kind of Mental Telegraphy?

When the Ameners had discussed the political situation and made up their minds as to what the outcome of the elections would be; had talked over the dismissal of the cadets from West Point and decided to support Col. Mills; had agreed that to pay for the backward spring the country would have a very hot summer; had given their views on the running of the Brooklyn Handicap and the outcome thereof; had compared notes on the sermons preached in the various churches that they had attended in the morning; had spoken freely of the prospect of a revision of the Presbyterian creed, and had made up their minds what they would eat for dinner and where they would eat it, the famous physician remarked that he had heard of a wonderful case of thought transferrence on the previous day and that he had been reminded by it of a number of other singular things of the same nature which came under his observation when he was engaged in the practice of his profession.

One of the eminent statesmen murmured that the doctor was always hearing of wonderful things. The great soldier at once said that there was a reason for that, that the doctor was always on the lookout for such things, and then he asked what the incident was. Another of the statesmen said that he was going to see the old man, a remark which seemed to be understood perfectly by all the other Ameners. He went away and the doctor began his story just as the Wall Street man came in and took the seat made vacant by the departing statesman.

"There is another physician in this town," he began.

"I have long suspected it," said one of the least famous members of the brotherhood.

The doctor grinned at him cheerfully.

"Well, for once your suspicion was right" he said. "How do you like the new experience? This doctor and I met yesterday for the first time in a long while and he told me the incident. He is a big man in the profession and he is not the sort to whom remarkable things happen often, for he doesn't drink as much as some of you folks do. He is a scientist through and through, and he is able to explain most things by the application of natural laws, but the thing that he told to me was beyond him.

"For a good many years he and the keeper of one of the biggest hotels in one of the resort towns up the Hudson were warm friends. I wont tell you who either of the men was, but I will call the hotel man Mr. Pratt and the physician Dr. Grant. Grant has a country place up in Massachusetts, and he used to go up there every summer to rest up. He is up there now.

"Last fall when the hotel man finished his season and closed his house he was in poor health, and on his return to this city for the winter he called in the doctor to look him over and find out what was the matter. The examination made by Grant showed that Pratt was suffering from an incurable disease, and that there was little hope of his living more than a year at the outside. The doctor told Pratt frankly what was the matter with him, and that there was nothing in medicine that could more than make his last days more comfortable.

"Pratt took the announcement of his condition quietly, and asked Grant to do what he could for him, and to make it as easy for him as he could. This the physician undertook to do, and all winter long he attended the hotel man. During this time the friendship that had existed between them became closer, and as Pratt failed in health, he came to depend more and more on the physician.

"When the time came to open the hotel for the summer Pratt began to fret, and at last it was decided that the best thing that could be done for him was to take him up there to spend his few remaining days. So Grant got a couple of nurses and all the other things that he needed, and Pratt was moved up to the hotel. When Pratt was established there Grant told him frankly that he could be of no service to him, and that the case could be treated as well by one of the local physicians as by himself. Therefore, Grant said, he intended to leave the whole matter to one of them and to stop his visits.

"Pratt would not hear of this. He assented to the proposition that one of the local men be called in, but he said that twice each week Grant must come and see him. Nothing else would satisfy him, and finally Grant agreed to the plan. Then he went to his New England place. Twice a week he came down here to the city and went from here to the hotel man's.

"This he kept up until two weeks ago, when on his last visit he found that Pratt had sunk into what appeared to be the stupor preceding death. Grant and the local doctor made a careful examination, and Grant told the local man that he did not think that Pratt would ever be conscious again. So he said that he would not make another visit unless the patient regained consciousness, in which case he was to be sent for by telegraph. He went back to his home thinking that Pratt would live for a month or more, but that he would never regain his senses.

"Things ran along in this way until it came time for Grant to make his next regular trip to Pratt's. That evening he said to his wife that he was glad not to have to make the trip, for the day was very hot. He turned in at 10 P. M. and went to sleep at once.

"Suddenly he woke up. He did not know how long he had been asleep, and he did not know what had awakened him, but he sat up in the bed, and as he did so he knew that Pratt was dead. How he knew it he could not tell. He had not dreamed, nor had he heard any voices or anything of that kind. He simply knew that Pratt was dead. He did not wonder how he knew it, nor did he question it. He knew it as a fact.

"Grant's wife had been awakened when he sat up in the bed, and she got up to look at the baby, who was sleeping in another room. As she got out of the bed Grant asked her to look at his watch, which lay on the dresser. She did so and told him that it was quarter to 1. He asked her to be exact about the time, and on her return from the room in which the baby was she looked again and said that it was then thirteen minutes to 1. Then Grant went to sleep and woke up in the morning, still sure that Pratt was dead.

"After breakfast he went out into the yard and lay down in the hammock. While he lay there the telegraph messenger came along, and handed him a despatch from the local doctor who had taken care of Pratt. It read:

" 'Pratt died at 12:44 to-night.'

"Making allowance for the time that it took his wife to wake up this was the exact time at which Grant was awakened in the night. He can't explain it. He had heard of such things, but had never had an experience of the kind, and he is utterly at a loss to account for it."

"I heard of a case like that," said another of the Ameners. "There was a family in the town where I was born who had a son in the electrical business. The son got a job down in Brazil. When he started his mother was afraid that he would get yellow fever. He wasn't sure that he wouldn't and so they were all pretty nervous. One day his mother got a letter from him, in which he said that all their fears about yellow jack were groundless, that there wasn't a case of the disease within a thousand miles of where he was stationed, and that as a matter of fact the death rate among the foreigners in the community was lower than that at home.

"This letter comforted his mother a whole lot. She talked it over with his father as they were going to bed, and they agreed that they had worried a great deal more than was necessary. So they went to sleep in comfort.

"They had not more than got sound asleep when this mother woke her husband up and told him that their son had died that night of yellow fever. She knew it, she said, and she began to mourn him. Her husband was amazed, for his wife had never acted in that way before, and at first he spoke to her sharply and told her that she had been dreaming.

"She said that she had not, and insisted that her son was dead. All that her husband could say would not change her mind, and finally seeing that she was in real distress, he tried to comfort her. He did not take any stock in what she said, but the impression on her mind was so strong that she got no more sleep that night, and her husband was kept awake trying to comfort her.

"When morning came he went to the telegraph station and sent a message to his son asking him to telegraph at once that he was well. Somewhere on the cable line that message passed one from the company which had employed the young man announcing that he was dead of yellow fever and that his case was the only one in all the district. No one can account for the message which came as a mental conviction to that woman. She was an educated woman and had no leaning toward any of the mysterious cults or anything of that kind."

"There was a man in the army with me," said the warrior, "whose father was as healthy and sound a man as ever lived. This fellow went to Europe, and as he was going to roam around his father had only the address of his bank in Paris to write to. One day this man and his wife got to Zurich. It was a hot day, and the wife lay down for a nap in their rooms. The man went out to wander around and landed at last in a beer garden.

"He ordered a glass of beer, and was drinking it when he suddenly knew—no other word will express it—that his father was dead. He did not finish his beer but went back to the hotel and told his wife. She thought that he was crazy, but he stuck to it and sent a telegram to me asking how his father was. I got the cable just after I learned that the father had dropped dead of apoplexy in his room that morning. When this man came home we looked the matter up and found that the father died just as the son was drinking that glass of beer in the Zurich beer garden. No member of the family knew where he was, and that affair is a mystery."

"If you should catch a Hottentot in the wilds of Africa," said the scientific man, "and should lock him up in a room in one part of the wall of which you had arranged an electrical button, hidden from sight, but so adjusted that it would make a connection if any one leaned against it and would then ring a bell in the ceiling, the Hottentot might live in that room for a year and never happen to make that bell ring. Then he might lean against the wall and set the thing going. He would not be able to understand it at all. He might live all his life in the room and never set the bell off. He might set it off every day, but he would never be able to understand the thing.

"So there may be something that is as much a mystery to us as the bell would be to the Hottentot, and we may set it off once in a while by accident and unconsciously. Maybe when we understand this wireless telegraphy game better we may find out something about these things. And then the whole business may be a coincidence."

To which they all said "Amen."

THE 100-FOOT ROUND-TOP TENT.

Still in Use and Sheltering Still the Old-Time One-Ring Circus.

"The colossal, consolidated aggregation that we see every year here in New York, with its three rings and its manifold attractions and its multitude of people," said a man acquainted with the show business, "is tremendously greater than the old-time one-ring circus, and there are nowadays plenty of people that never saw any sort of circus but this modern mammoth. But as a matter of fact there's still quite a bunch of wagon shows with from fifteen to forty wagons each travelling the country in the season, stopping at the smaller cities and towns where the great shows, that travel by rail, don't stop. I reckon there's a dozen hundred-foot round tops out to-day between here and the Mississippi River, shows that folks in the great cities never hear of, but that may give a good show, all the same.

"A hundred-foot round top is a round tent a hundred foot in diameter; that's a standard one-ring circus tent. Occasionally there's a smaller roundtop used, and a smaller tent still, such as would be used for a side show, is called a kidtop; but the regulation, full-sized tent for a wagon show is the old hundred-foot roundtop. That's the sort of tent that people meant in old times when they talked about the circus tent.

"The top of this tent is made in four pieces which are laced together to form the top when the tent is set up. Commonly the top of the tent is not separated into its four sections when the tent is taken down, but into two parts, each containing two quarters left laced together, to save time in putting up at the next stand; but if the canvas is wet, half the tent top is too much to handle in one piece and carry in a one wagon, and then the top is divided into its four quarters.

"These big tents cost money and they nurse 'em along with the greatest care. If there was a section, for instance, that was weak and worn, so that it wouldn't stand a high wind or shed rain well, they'd unlace that when they struck a wet, windy day and put in a spare new piece that would stand the weather; but in fine weather they'd put back the old piece and use it as long as they could.

"For a 100-foot roundtop the sidewalls would have to be about 300 feet in length, and little more to allow for the lapover at the entrance. The side wall is carried in three or four pieces. The show may strike a town where there's business for a bigger tent; and they carry along with them for just such use a 40-foot centre piece for the top which is inset between the divided halves of the round-top, the two halves being now laced to the outer edges of the centre piece. There is carried, of course, about a hundred feet of additional sidewall for use when the centre piece is used. With the centre piece in they have to use, of course, two center poles, and they get a canvas 100x140 feet, a pretty sizable sort of a tent that makes, too, with a heap more seating capacity, but still, of course, nowhere near up to stupendous canvases now set up by the great modern rail shows.

"Of the wagon shows some with a smaller canvas and a small number of people and a small price of admission might stay in a place, even a place that wasn't very big, and find a business that would pay, for a week, and then again a wagon show, some good big show, might stay in a much bigger place only two days, or not more than one. Different shows have different sorts of attractions and some of the smaller ones have such shows that they don't have to throw up a ring.

"In the old days when a single ring circus under a great round tent, supported by a single centre pole at the middle, was the only circus, it was a common thing to have more or less of the men needed to do some of the work about the show in the place where the circus stopped.

"For instance, if in some particular branch of the work of getting the show ready the work of half a dozen men was called for, they'd have a boss and one or two helpers in this branch that belonged to the show and travelled with it; and they'd pick up the rest of the men needed in the town where they stopped. With these green men in it, it would take a gang longer to do its work, and they wouldn't be quite so slick about it; but it was cheaper than carrying the men along, and quick enough, too, for the work required.

"But in the great modern shows that travel by rail they don't hire help in that way. Everything is on such a scale that every minute counts and in every department they carry a full force of men. Of course contracts for food and forage and all that sort of thing have been made long ahead and these things are supplied by people in the city where the show stops; but all the help required to put the show together, so to speak, and to take it down when they are ready go, is carried along and of the whole great force every man has his precise and definite work to do, and he jumps at it as the crew of a man of war jump to their station at the call.

"The great circus crew is perfectly trained from the highest man to the lowest and they do the most amazing things in the way of getting their big house up and in order for the show, in no time at all. Of course, it would be quite impossible to do a job of this size in any other way, but here system and order are carried to the limit. What the public sees is the red paint and the glitter; but the great modern circus is a great business enterprise and you'd really have to hunt around a good deal to find one more perfectly organized or under better discipline.

"This is the sort of show that we see here in New York, and that you would meet in the larger cities throughout the country, and there are now plenty of children that never saw any other. But it takes a great lot of money to run a show of this sort, and it only stops at cities big enough to give it the audiences it must have to make the show pay. And that means long jumps. And to the places in between still comes the old-time circus. So that even now, with these great shows in the greater cities, one may find in smaller places the old-time one ring show, in a hundred-foot round top."

AMERICA'S SCHOOL ARMY.

New York City Far Ahead of the Others in the Number of Pupils.

In respect to the number of children in regular attendance at its public schools New York stands at the head of American cities, with a total of 450,000, exclusive of 60,000 pupils who attend parochial schools.

The number of school children in Philadelphia is 150,000, in Chicago 230,000, in Boston 90,000, in Baltimore, which has a large colored population, 68,000, and in New Orleans, which has a still larger colored population, 35,000.

There are 55,000 in Cleveland, 45,000 in Cincinnati, 80,000 in St. Louis, 50,000 in San Francisco, 50,000 in Washington and 40,000 school children in Pittsburg.

New York spends more than any other American city upon the maintenance of its schools. The school system of Chicago costs $7,000,000 a year, Philadelphia $4,000,000, Boston $3,600,000, Pittsburg $1,600,000, Baltimore $1,500,000, St. Louis $1,500,000, San Francisco $1,200,000, Cleveland $1,000,000 and New Orleans $500,000.

FISHING CLUB GOES ADRIFT.

MEAN JOKE ON GLOISTEIN SPOILS THE SEASON'S FIRST TRIP.

In the Night Somebody Cut the Boathouse Moorings and It Sailed Out on Jamaica Bay—Distress Signals by Trombone—"Maype Ve'll Land in Chermany," Says the Club.

The fishing expedition of the Gloistein Fishing Club which was scheduled for last Tuesday ended in disaster, as have a number of similar events, and if the threats of the members are carried out August J. Gloistein, the President, will never manage another excursion of the club. It was the first trip of the season. Gloistein sent letters to the members announcing that he had arranged for them to meet him on Monday night at Canarsie, where a friend had a boathouse.

"Ve vill by der boadhouse sleeb und hal a pully time," read the letter. "In der mornings ve vill start py der pig oil boad mit an engine in him. Plendy of beer."

The boat house is on a float, which seemed securely fastened to the wharf when the members arrived at the appointed time. Pat Connolly, the Mayor of Poverty Hollow, brought along his friend, McCrea, the bagpiper, with his pipes, and Charlie Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, came with a trombone to assist in making a merry night of it. Others in the party were Col. Mike Ryan of the Bowery, Concrete Charlie Kirschner, Casey the Contractor, the Hon. Phil Wissig, Louis Geils of the Hanfield House, Bismarck Roscoe, ex-Alderman Edward Eisman and a score of other members of long standing.

Cots had been furnished for them and all were pleased with the novelty, particularly as Gloistein had provided an elaborate lunch of limburger cheese, bologna sausage, sauerkraut and frankfurters. With the beer and the music supplied by Wagner and McCrea everybody was happy and it seemed as if Gloistein had at last managed to get up a first-class fishing excursion without a hitch. The party enjoyed themselves until after midnight. Then the kerosene lamps were turned out and the fishermen were soon slumbering.

It may have been two or three hours later when there was a commotion in the boathouse. Wagner's voice could be heard shouting: "Somebody der boad moved! somebody der boad moved! Vake up!"

"Vat is der madder, yes?" shouted Gloistein, as he jumped from his cot.

"Ach, mein Gott, ve are movin' avay," came the reply in many voices. "Der house vas turnin' aroundt."

"Maybe it vas an earthquaig," suggested Wagner.

"Id vas your headt dot was movin', Charlie. You drink too much of dot beer," replied Gloistein.

Just then the boathouse gave a lurch and then began to spin around like a top, spilling all the sleepers who had not got up when Wagner shouted. Connelly hit his nose against a stool and jumping up declared loudly that he could whip the man who'd hit him in the dark. Gloistein rushed out in his underclothes on to the narrow deck in front. It was pitch dark and raining in torrents and the waves were dashing up over the deck. He quickly realized that the boathouse had parted from its moorings and was drifting about somewhere.

"Ach, mein Gott, ve are losdt," he cried. "Der boad vas run avay from der dock. Ve are gast avay in der vater."

"Begorra, Oi knew it," yelled Connelly, as he clenched his fists. "If we be all drowned loike rats, we kin blame that dom Dootch piker, Gloistein."

"Stig py der boad," interjected Wagner, whose teeth were chattering. "Id vas vood undt vood don't sink. Maype ve land in Chermany."

The boathouse drifted around for about an hour or more while the fisherman shivered with terror and cold. It finally stuck on a mud bank. The fishermen could see scarcely ten feet away, and they had not the remotest idea of their whereabouts.

"Ve musdt haf some signals of disdress pizness," finally suggested Gloistein, who had meekly borne the epithets hurled at him. "Hey, you, Vagner, I vas der cabdain of dis boad. Go owid der deck undt blay dot trombone."

Wagner obeyed and blew loud blasts for nearly half an hour. Then he played "Ach, der lieber Augustin." When he wanted to stop Gloistein commanded him to go ahead.

"I breag me mine stummick," he finally gasped and dropped from exhaustion. Then McCrea and his pipes were brought into requisition, but they brought no success.

When the dawn came the castaway East Siders discovered that they were stranded on the edge of a narrow mud island. They could see Canarsie in the distance and were seen about the same time by the pilot and engineer of the naphtha launch they had chartered for the fishing trip. The pilot had discovered that the ropes holding the houseboat were cut and, surmising what had happened, had been cruising around Jamaica Bay in search of the fishermen.

The launch headed for the stranded boathouse amid loud cheers, led by Mayor Connolly. But the launch had to anchor about 300 feet away until nearly noon when the tide became high enough to permit the boathouse to float. It was then towed back to its moorings. The disgusted fishermen, tired and wet to the skin, hurried home. Gloistein went alone and the prayers of his fellow members went with him.

"If I catch dot man vot cut dot robe," he said last night, "I'll choke him. I tink it vas dot Korpstein, der undertaiger. I didn't nod invide him because he vas hardt lug. But I'll loog fer him!"

SENT 8,000 MILES TO WAKE HIM UP.

A Message Crosses the Ocean Twice to Rouse a Sleeping Operator.

From the Boston Daily Globe.

Out among the beautiful green groves of Northampton lives Dr. C. H. Crosby, who once was the champion telegraph operator of America. He is an M. D. with a large practice, a member of two or three clubs and a prominent secret society man, who has quite outlived the days when the "key" was his constant companion.

Once in a while, however, of an evening when cigars are lit and the company is of the right order he can be induced to tell a good story. Perhaps the rarest of the lot, one that has never been printed, although lots of them have found their way about, is about the time when the French cable people telegraphed 8,000 miles to have him waked up when he was asleep in the next room, not twenty feet away from the operator who received the message.

The French line from this country to France was the second of the transatlantic cables. The line stretched from Duxbury by way of Newfoundland to Brest, in France. Dr. Crosby was the responsible night man in the lookout at Duxbury. It was a night in October and the future disciple of Galen had taken his usual station at his key. Between the hours of 8 and 1, when the foreign news known in those days as Reuter's cablegrams used to come over the wires, there was usually very little doing. To sleep at his post was death or equivalent to it, and this he well knew, but the winds of autumn bowling around the lonely little house crooned a melody that reminded him of his mother's lullabies, and he fell forward on the table and was soon past two continents in his dreams. This happened, on his own recollection, and he is the only witness, about 8:30.

At 9 o'clock the New York office called him. They had a private message for transmission. "Tick," went the little tormentor under his nose, but the operator heard it not. After hammering away in vain for several minutes the New York operator gave it up and thought a minute. There was but one way out of it. The receiving end of the line was in the next room to that of the missing operator, and there was a man in charge who could undoubtedly tell what was wrong. To reach him an inquiry would have to be sent the whole length of the company's circuit, a matter of 8,000 miles or so. So calling up North Sydney at Cape Breton he began his task.

From Cape Breton the inquiry was flashed to Heart's Content, on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, thence across the Atlantic ocean to Valentia on the southwest coast of Ireland, and so across the English Channel to Brest. From the end of the route it was doubled back to St. Pierre et Miquelon, and so slanted down to Duxbury. The whole matter took only about fifteen minutes.

At about twenty minutes past 9 the man in charge of the French end of the wire, whose table was not more than twenty feet from the sleeping operator in the next room, began to get intelligence. He in a few seconds had recorded this somewhat surprising message: "Go into the next room and wake the man there."

Crosby was aroused at once and the position explained to him, when he picked up his key and the business of two hemispheres was resumed again.